

THE LIBRARY OF
LADIES MUSEUM.

VOL. I.

Order Number

"BLENDING THE USEFUL WITH THE SWEET."

NO. 1.

PROVIDENCE, (R. I.) SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1825.

LADIES MUSEUM.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED SATURDAYS BY
EATON W. MAJCY.

Miscellany.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

THE VALE OF CHAMOY.

*"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."*

It was thus the delighted bard of Erin sung in the beautiful valley of Avoca, and when the genius of poetry scatters her sacred incense in the maturity of its richness, over our sylvan scenery, some other minstrel will celebrate, in strains as sweet, the unexcelled beauties of the Vale of Chamoy, though, as yet, its green arbours are tenantless, its majestic but-tonwoods and lofty pines spread abroad in a blue sky, unclouded by the smoke of cities, and its romantic shrubbery blooms uncultured. Thirty years ago, a rude log hut stood by the large moss surrounded spring, from which the little rivulet that bears the valley name, flows away towards the distant river; and a beautiful girl might have been seen among the solitary trees, or sitting beside the clear and gentle waters, watching its flow along the green banks, or earnestly gazing towards the west, as the declining sun sunk down behind the lofty and overshadowing hills. In the neatness and elegance of her attire; in the mild and gentle gracefulness of her form and step; and more than all, in the pale but enchanting beauty of her features, on which a slight tinge of thought was blended with a thousand attractive charms; she reminded one of the pictured fairy of some romantic tale, breathing out her soul in worship of the wild and splendid sublimities of the forest scenery, by day, and the outspread firmament, glowing with its million stars, by night.

But each returning night changed the aspect of the cottage scene, and added another inmate to its inhabitants. A tall and bold-featured man, clothed in a huntsman's garb, sat by the fire side of that sweet girl, and listened with ecstasy to the soft voice with which she accompanied some lively air on her beloved harp; and while he looked upon her face, and held her little hand, a lover's rapture glowed along his brow, and his fine black eye kindled in a new animation, and sparkled with new delight.

It was the cottage of Albert and Augusta. It was here, in this wild, and retired, and beautiful retreat, that they sought and found a refuge from the vindictive spirit of proud and relentless relatives, whose hearts, from the first, had been bent on the prevention of their union, and who, they had reason to believe, would not spare the power of their utmost might, in crushing the alliance forever. Theirs was the history of crossed but persevering, adventurous,

heroic love; from the abodes of men, and the haunts of civilization, they fled together, happier far in the possession of each other's love, surrounded by forests and mountains, than they could be separate, though feasting on all the heart could desire or the eye could wish.

Two summers passed away in the Valley of Chamoy, and every evening Albert was welcomed to his hut, by the gentle Augusta, and laid the choice tribute of mountain game at her feet. Again the warm spring suns had melted the snows from the steep hills, and the ice had been swept away from the gentle stream. The young couple looked forward to the summer with delight. Albert had purchased a considerable tract of land from a distant proprietor, which lay further down the brook, and was now contemplating its improvement. A neat little dwelling already rose before his fancy, and green fields, and fleecy flocks, and lowing herds, were already present to his mind. He thought how much sweeter would be the enjoyment Augusta's smiles afforded, when he could reflect he had restored to her some portion, however small, of those luxuries of which he had deprived her.

Full of the thought, he returned one evening from the arduous pursuit of game, and, pausing on the hill-top, to hear the sound of his beloved one's harp, and view the smoke ascending from his rustic home, his heart beat quick, as on the utmost, the most breathless attention, he could not hear the one or see the other. It was the first time his eye or ear had ever been disappointed; a new feeling trembled along his heart-strings, and he hastened to the lonely habitation. It was lonely indeed. The old bucket hung on a branch of the willow; the few articles of household utensils lay scattered round, as they had been in the morning, and Augusta's harp hung in its wonted place—but she was no longer there.

Horror took possession of Albert's soul—he called on the name of Augusta; the echoes, with all their voices, responded "Augusta." He searched the places of her favorite haunts, but not a trace was to be found. The sad reality burst upon him in its overwhelming force; he had not the power to resolve or act, and, throwing himself on his bed, passed the night in such broken and distempered slumbers as the mariner takes in the midst of a raging storm. Yet then, in his first extremity, he dreamed, amid his feverish sleep, that she came to him a lovely vision.—He thought it was a day of mid-summer, that a storm had just melted into sunshine, and hope's sweet rainbow spanned the valley where he stood. She was more beautiful than even in her happiest, youngest hours, he had seen her; the glow of health and pleasure sparkled on her cheek, and her lovely form, wrapped up in her white cymar, all edged with gold, and closed with a diamond clasp; she smiled upon him sweetly, and said, "Be of good cheer, Albert, we have met to part no more." He arose—and tak-

ing her harp, left the beautiful valley, and after spending a year in her pursuit, in vain, to divert the melancholy of his mind, set out on a foreign tour. After visiting Spain and Italy, he dwelt a season in the south of France. Near the village where he fixed his residence was an ancient cloister, situated in a valley, much resembling that which he had loved so much, and left, except, that it was cultivated and adorned most richly. On the hill-top above the cloister he used to sit and play on Augusta's harp, and sing her favorite airs. Often he observed one of the sisterhood steal into a little area, and listen to the music; he could not distinguish her face or form distinctly, but it was enough like Augusta's to afford his fancy room to picture new scenes of happiness.

At last he saw her no more—the bell tolled the note of death—he knew the rest. A small present gained the information he sought; but judge of his feelings when he learned that the departed sister was no other than Augusta! From his home she had been carried by her relatives, who had discovered her retreat; and to perpetuate their disunion, she had been sent to France, and placed in this very convent, which she chose because of the similitude of the scene with that which was forever before her.—Thither fate led her lover, permitting them to look upon each other before they died. In another year he was no more! And some faint ruins of the cottage in the Valley of Chamoy alone perpetuate the story of their loves and their misfortunes.

THE ESCAPE.

"Let the hawk stoop—his prey is flown."

There are incidents in real life which so much resemble the pictures drawn by fancy to amuse the mind, that they are read only to wing the heavy moments, and are remembered without profit or feeling. Such an one perhaps is now before us, but it is no less true for partaking of the colorings of fiction.—To a mind formed and educated in the innocent retirements of rural life, and unversed in the depravity of the crowded city, there are occurrences which can scarcely be reconciled with reality, but such are not less true for being comparatively unfrequent.

In a retired situation, not far from the pleasant village of Roxborough, in Pennsylvania, a few years ago, lived a woman of dark and uncertain character, by the name of Marston. Shaded from the observation of the traveller, by a thick grove of poplars, and by clusters of the paper mulberry; and cut off from a frequent intercourse with the village by fields and ditches, little could be known by the neighborhood of the transactions which took place at this secluded cottage. Its possessor systematically shunned all intercourse with the villagers, and took no pains to clear up the suspicions that were abroad, as to her character, or to check their progress.

One bright afternoon, a little before sunset, some sportsmen, who were on a visit to Roxborough from

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Philadelphia, while amusing themselves in the neighborhood, observed a neat carriage drive down the narrow lane that led to Mrs. Marston's—they walked along the hedge towards the house, and saw a gentleman of genteel appearance hand a most beautiful and enchanting girl into a little parlor from the vehicle. Her face was so nearly concealed beneath a large bonnet that but a glimpse of it was caught, but that glimpse alone, and the angelic lightness and symmetry of her form, electrified our adventurers, and they retired silently resolved to fathom the mystery that had long hung about that dwelling, and gain an introduction to, and some knowledge of, the lovely and bewitching young unknown.

In pursuance of their plan they went next morning to Mrs. Marston's. The old woman met them at the gate and gave them a reception so freezing, that they at once suspected strongly that something of villany was cloaked under the occurrences of the past day. They enquired after the visitors but were informed that they had gone that morning to a distant friend's, and that they were relatives of her's from the north. This interview, however, determined them to redouble their vigilance, and to stop at no obstacle to the accomplishment of their purpose. They accordingly laid regular though secret siege to the house, and watched with eagle eye every movement within and without. They discovered that the old woman had deceived them, at least in part; the visitors were still there. They saw them walk together on the green in the thickest recess of the grove. They found in the fair stranger, realized, every dream of beauty a partial glance had before awakened; she seemed innocent, as she was young; she appeared happy, and she looked so artless and inexperienced—and yet she was surrounded by so many suspicious circumstances—that they found themselves bewildered in conjecture.

Her suitor, for so he appeared, whether honorable or dishonorable, was more questionable, left her in the afternoon of the second day. When he was gone, she was discovered sitting at a little window, and looking with an air of disquietude towards the great road; they watched her, and saw her dissolved in tears. One of our adventurers, with his gun in his hand, walked whistling along the fence, and, looking up, as if accidentally, caught her eye fixed anxiously on him; he bowed, and paused; she beckoned him to stay a moment; and in a few minutes she threw out of the window a small piece of paper, sealed up, and written on the back:

"I am ruined unless you save me by taking this to my brother J—— C——, at No. —, Chesnut-street, Philadelphia."

They partially knew the gentleman, and while one remained to act in case of an emergency, the other proceeded directly to the city and obeyed the request.

Mr. C. was startled when he read the note, and without waiting for a word of explanation: "What, (he exclaimed,) Dermott a villain! Lucy in a den of infamy, subject to his power—ho! my pistols and horse!" The servants obeyed, and in ten minutes he galloped off towards the old Schuylkill bridge. Our messenger was left in mute astonish-

ment behind, though he had been prepared for something like the scene he had witnessed. He made enquiry about Dermott, and learned that he was a married man whom Mr. C. had educated and recently taken into partnership in business; and he learned further, that Lucy C. had lately come to Philadelphia from the south, where her family resided, to spend a few months with her brother, and had set out with Dermott to visit an uncle, whom she had never seen, an old man living a few miles from Roxborough.

Having thus satisfied himself on these points, our gentleman incognito, set out to return to the scene of action, the residence of Mrs. Marston. But we must go on before him, that our story may be brief.—Mr. C. literally took the old woman's castle by storm, and released his sister whom he found locked up in her chamber. At first he pushed her from him with indignation—but when she protested that she was yet innocent, with tears, and told her artless story—he pressed her to his bosom, and wept with her. She had been persuaded to stop at this house by Dermott, who said it was the residence of a relative of his; there he framed excuses to detain her all night—and next day, before leaving her, he declared to her his brutal purpose, and gave her until ten at night to prepare herself for its accomplishment.

The treacherous Mrs. Marston now consented to avoid the gathered storm by becoming an accomplice in the punishment of the villain Dermott. Mr. C. concealed himself in his sister's room. The wretch came at the appointed hour, and proceeded to insult the helpless victim of his artifice. In an instant the brother stood before him with a pistol at his breast. He was motionless and speechless—and, falling on his knees, submitted to be tied hand and foot, in which situation he was thrown in a cart and driven that night to the city, where he was tried, condemned, and sentenced to State Prison, in which he died before his term of service was completed.

For the beautiful, the young, the innocent, and the helpless, this rude sketch contains a moral. To the transgressor, it speaks the language of warning. Let each remember it.

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

To improve and enlighten the female mind is an object worthy the patronage of every good citizen. The influence of the female character upon society is immense beyond calculation. The earliest impressions made on the human mind are the strongest and most lasting. They generally form the great outlines of the subsequent character. Who then can affix any limits to the influence of mothers? They do more towards forming sons into good or bad citizens than all others combined. They form daughters into good or bad mothers, who, in turn, exercise and perpetuate the same influence. How important, then, that women should be prepared to exercise this immense influence properly and to give it a right direction. But by what means shall they be thus prepared? Shall they waste the bloom and vivacity of their youth in pouring over *extravagant* and *pernicious* fiction? Shall they spend their time in go-

ing the round of frivolous, impertinent, ceremonious visits, where it is accounted austere and vulgar to talk any thing but nonsense? Shall every midnight find them at the crowded party, surrounded by the flattering flattery of fops and fools, and the envious airs and glances of female macaronies? Shall they be often seen at the play-house, stuck up in the front boxes, vieing, in appearance, with the LADIES of the upper row; amused by the same obscene allusions, the same half-concealed profanity, and the same female stride in pantaloons? Shall they be ever seen in the street, covered all over with fashion, curbing their necks, swinging their arms and tossing their heads to attract the attention of the beaux? I trust not. Let these things but generally prevail, and our reputation, as a virtuous and enlightened nation, as a brave and free people, is gone forever. Self-government will be impossible, and we must yield our necks to the yoke of some unprincipled tyrant. If, on the other hand, we desire to preserve our national freedom and our individual happiness, we must, in some measure, discountenance these evils, and prepare the female character to wield its powerful influence in an opposite direction. Although nothing can be done to purpose without the precept and example of good mothers, yet there are several things which act powerfully in aid of this interesting object, and merit the public approbation and patronage.—The first I will mention are schools for young Ladies, taught by persons who have themselves been educated above fashionable frivolity, and whose deportment is governed by pious principle and ornamented by genuine refinement. Female instructors of this stamp know how to cultivate the understanding, amend the heart, and form the female character to its native dignity and importance. Great Britain is blessed with the Misses Moores, and others, of this description. Happy would it be for our country were they more numerous here. The next thing I would recommend for forming the female character is the reading of useful books. That none may misunderstand my notions of female education I would place first on my list of books the bible; I would next recommend such well chosen works of morality, genius, taste and fancy as incubate nothing adverse to it. I would also recommend that young Ladies should form their notions of mankind and things just in the same way that wise men do, viz.—by reading authentic history and biography, and by observation. My fair readers will excuse me if under this head I take the liberty to recommend the taking of some moral and literary periodical publication which combines amusement with utility. Such an one I understand the LADIES MUSEUM is intended to be. If I understand rightly, and the editor carries his intentions into effect, (of which I can have no reasonable doubt,) I may as well recommend this paper as any other. It is the order of the day among us to encourage home manufacturers in preference to foreign, and why not our own literary enterprise? If selections are made with judgment, we get the substance of other similar publications, besides the original and local matter which is peculiarly interesting to us, and save the expense of postage. Our town is rapidly increasing in wealth and population, and

as rapidly increasing in show and extravagance. Let us then, like the neighboring cities, endeavor to counteract their baneful influence by calling the attention of our Ladies from too much care to ornament their persons, to the ornamenting of their minds, that the one may comport with the other, and that we may realise the happy effect of their combined influence.

Mothers! this publication, if properly conducted, will be calculated to draw the attention of your fair daughters, from tittle-tattle, and gossiping, to subjects of elegant entertainment and real improvement. The conversation of the young, instead of being vapid and frivolous, may be turned to matters of real utility, which will, at the same time, afford rational amusement.

Fathers! your observation tells you that the prosperity and happiness of the most promising young ladies have often been sacrificed by unprincipled libertines and worthless fops. This sort of gentry generally have little else to recommend them than trivial, though pleasing, accomplishments. The influence of these accomplishments upon the fair is very much diminished when their minds are well informed, and their principles well established.

Daughters! I am not disposed to forget that youth is the clear and pleasant morning of life; that its appropriate amusements and its innocent gayeties ought not to be restricted. All I contend for is, that, by combining useful knowledge and mental improvement with your amusements, they will lose none of their relish, and you will gain both the pleasure and the profit.

OLD MAIDS.

The silly notion that prevails among silly people, that there is any tendency in the celibacy of females to make them less amiable, intelligent and agreeable than if they had been married, is hardly worth disputing. A very sensible writer, Mr. Simond, in his well known *Journal of a Tour and Residence in Great Britain, &c.* makes the following very judicious remarks on the female character, and on the progressive good sense of the world, which is gradually giving up the prejudice and the odium which have been affixed to the term *old maid*:

"How many women see their lives pass away without establishment, in solitude and poverty, bearing with patience and cheerfulness all the evils of their situation—the privation of the happiness of being loved, and of joys estimated perhaps beyond the value by being only imagined. They advance towards old age, unregarded, unpitied, without hope in the world, yet preserving universal benevolence, a warm and generous heart. Cultivation of mind, and the habit of other and higher thoughts than mere self, can alone give us the courage to bear with the daily miseries of life, or what is better, make us forget them. The original of that ridiculous and hateful being, who is made to act so conspicuous a part on the English stage and in English novels, under the name of *old maid*, is now scarcely ever met with, at least I have not met it; and the odious distinction between an old woman and an old man is becoming obsolete."

A similar commendation of unmarried women has been expressed by the amiable Mrs. Grant, in her *Letters from the Mountain*. We do not remember her words exactly, but she says nearly this, that some of the most disinterested and exemplary of her acquaintance have been women that have relinquished their fondest attachments and dearest hopes in the prime of life, to devote themselves exclusively to the support, consolation and society of afflicted and decaying parents, and have accounted the sacrifices as small for the duties, the affections and the gratitude they owed. Surely the motives, the virtues of such deserve all honor, and praise, and favor.

PARALLEL OF THE SEXES.

Man is strong—woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident—woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action—woman in suffering. Man shines abroad—woman at home. Man talks to convince—woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart—woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery—woman relieves it. Man has science—woman taste. Man has judgment—woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice—woman of mercy.



POETRY.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

TO CHARLOTTE.

Think not, dear girl, I hate thee now,
Tho' thou hast wrapped my day in ill;
No—tho' thy virgin vow thou'st broken—
I love thee and I bless thee still.

O thou hast long, long been to me
The idol of my earthly heaven;
And ere I bid this world adieu
'Tis meet that thou shouldst be forgiven.

My feelings are forlorn and wild,
Tho' grief at times withdraws her dart;
I think of hopes which have beguil'd—
Of ties which have been torn apart.

I sometimes think of happiness—
Of visions that were fram'd in vain;
But ah, to thee, no tongue can tell
The phantoms of my fever'd brain.

"The memory of what hath been,
Doth every angry thought disarm—
And I should think it were a sin
To work thy gentle spirit harm."

So—fare thee well—and may thy day
Be burnish'd by the summer's sun;
May joy and bliss be ever thine,
Thou once below'd and lovely one. SELIM.

BEAUTY.

What is beauty? Alas! 'tis a jewel—a glass—
A bubble—a plaything—a rose—
'Tis the sun, dew, or air; 'tis so many things rare,
That 'tis nothing one well may suppose.

'Tis a jewel, Love's token; glass, easily broken;
A bubble that vanisheth soon;
A plaything, that boys cast aside when it cloy;
A rose, quickly faded and strewn.

Like the air it is felt; like snow it will melt;
It refresheth the heart like the dew;
And as nothing can vie with a brilliant blue eye,
'Tis like nothing, sweet Lady, but you.

TO A COUNTRY GIRL,

Who expressed a wish to lead a town life.

[BY S. SOUTHWICK.]

Sweet Mary, sigh not for the town,
Where vice and folly reign—
Spurn not the humble homespun gown
That suits the rural plain.

In every street the city's glare
Doth simple hearts betray,
And simple hearts who wander there
Are sure to lose their way.

The tradesman plays his wily part,
To take the stranger in—
The profligate displays his art,
The modest maid to win—

He lures her to perdition's brink
By ev'ry trech'rous scheme,
Then leaves the hapless wretch to sink
In pleasure's guilty stream!

The flaunting crowd, that seem so gay,
May please you for a while—
But joy with these doth rarely stay,
Or sweet contentment's smile.

The splendid dome that proudly rears
Its gilded roof on high,
Full oft conceals pale envy's tears
And disappointment's sigh.

There foul ambition loves to dwell,
False pride and lust of fame—
There malice and revenge rebel
Against the good man's name.

Ah! little do you know, sweet maid,
What are the city spoils,
Where villains ply the canting trade,
And fraud is drest in smiles.

Then, Mary, sigh no more to rove,
Or change your native fields,
The rural walk, the verdant grove,
For all the city yields.

And when some swain, of soul sincere,
Shall seek your love to gain,
Trust to his faith, nor never fear
That you shall trust in vain.

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So shall your rustic life be spent,
With every blessing crowned—
Within your doors shall sweet content
And faithful love be found.

And when your infant offspring rise,
A mother's smile to greet,
The joy that sparkles in their eyes,
Shall your own bliss complete.

Your tide of life, thus even flowing,
Will ebb, at last, 'tis true—
When calm with hope your bosom glowing,
You'll bid the world—adieu!

LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1825.

PROPOSALS

For publishing, in the town of Providence, a weekly paper, to be entitled the

LADIES MUSEUM.

This little paper, for which public patronage is now solicited, is designed for a neat portable repository of such literary productions as may be contributed by Learning, Wit and Genius; and as it is intended to unite the *useful* with the *sweet*, to mingle *instruction* with *amusement*, its character will necessarily be miscellaneous, embracing a great variety of matter and of subjects; a devotion, however, to the great interests of virtue and morality is the governing principle which shall characterise it in every stage of its existence. To the Ladies, in particular, the publisher looks for that encouragement which alone can render this paper all that they can desire it to be. It will be chiefly devoted to their interest and amusement, and from them he fondly anticipates a liberal share of patronage. It is not intended, however, to be *exclusively* devoted to the Ladies, for every number will contain articles equally applicable to both sexes, and some altogether intended for the Gentlemen. Among the variety of subjects to which this paper will be devoted, the following are the most prominent:—Original and selected moral tales, either fictitious or founded on events of real life; original and selected essays on literature, morals, history, voyages, travels, the fine arts, &c.; female character, manners, beauty, dress, and education; historical sketches of the lives of such persons, of both sexes, as have become celebrated for their heroism, virtue, fortitude, talents, patriotism, beauty, &c.; a description of the newest fashions, domestic and foreign; humorous, literary, and historical anecdotes; original and selected poetry, passing events of the week, &c. Such is a brief outline of the LADIES MUSEUM, to fill up which, well written communications, in prose and verse, are respectfully solicited from correspondents of both sexes. And it may not be here improper to state, that several persons, of considerable celebrity in the literary world, have made a voluntary tender of their talents, as well as their influence, in aid of this new enterprise. But it must not be expected that each number will contain articles on every subject here enumerated; yet

all those before mentioned, and perhaps many others, will often enrich the columns of this paper; and in order to give it the highest possible value and interest, the publisher will call in aid the best periodical writings of the day, and supply his readers with such matter from these journals as shall be designed for general entertainment and utility.

Conditions.—The LADIES MUSEUM will be published Saturdays, in a quarto form, on fine white demi paper, and neatly executed on a new and handsome type, at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, if paid in advance, or within three months after its commencement; one dollar and seventy-five cents, if paid within six months; or two dollars, if paid at the close of the year. It will be delivered to its patrons in this town on the days of publication. Country subscribers will receive their numbers by mail, or by any other mode of conveyance that they may direct. Fifty-two numbers or two hundred and eight pages will constitute a volume. A title-page and table of contents will be given at the close of each year.

Persons in distant towns who procure five subscribers, and become responsible for the same, shall have one paper extra, and in the same ratio for a greater number.

EATON W. MAXCY.

Providence, July 16, 1825.

TO THE PUBLIC.

In order to afford the inhabitants of the populous towns of Providence, Bristol, Warren, Pawtucket, Pawtuxet, &c. who feel disposed to become subscribers to the LADIES MUSEUM, an opportunity to learn the *plan* on which it is intended to be published, it has been thought advisable to have one of the first numbers left at their several places of abode, where, in a few days, they will be called upon by a person duly authorized to receive the names of those who feel disposed to render it their support, by subscribing—assuring them, that, if this sheet meets with their approbation, we shall “*go on our way rejoicing*,” because we are confident that subsequent numbers will be still more worthy of their patronage, for materials will naturally increase and multiply as the paper advances; and that whatever we can do to make our columns interesting shall be done with all the *diligence* and *ability* we can command.

For the information of those who may have doubts as to the future management of this paper, (should this sheet meet their approbation,) the publisher will here state, that those who subscribe on the receipt of the first number can discontinue their papers at any time they may wish, by giving notice at the office, and paying for the numbers by them received.

The next number of the LADIES MUSEUM will be printed on the 6th of August next, after which time it will be published every Saturday; persons holding subscriptions are therefore respectfully requested to forward them to the publisher, in Providence, by the 30th instant. Persons in this town wishing to become subscribers who are not called upon (by the person authorized to solicit subscribers) by

the 26th instant, can do so by calling at Messrs. Martin Robinson's or Oliver K. Randall's.

We shall feel much indebted for a *regular exchange* with all those papers to which we now send.



MARRIED,

In this town, on Sunday evening, 10th inst. by Rev. Mr. Pickering, Mr. Thomas Fenner, Jr. to Miss Frances Eliza Knowles, all of this town.

In Tiverton, on the 4th instant, John W. Shaw, Esq. of Newport, to Miss Lucy C. Whitridge, youngest daughter of Dr. William Whitridge, of the former place.

On the 26th ultimo, Mr. Israel K. Potter, to Miss Hannah Young, both of Cranston.

On Monday last, Mr. Isaac Congdon, Jr. of Cranston, to Miss Sally Peckham, of South-Kingstown.

In Smithfield, Mr. Isaac Follett, of Cumberland, to Miss Ann-Eliza Remington, of the former place.

In Boston, Mr. Samuel Bodge, of this town, to Miss Maria B. Bush, of the former place.

In New-York, on the 27th ultimo, Mr. Christopher Arnold, to Miss Clarissa Randall, both of this town.



DIED,

In this town, 5th inst. Miss Phebe Miller, daughter of Mr. Consider Miller, in her 18th year.

On the 8th inst. Mr. Royal Ormsbee, in his 32d year.

On Monday evening last, Miss Hart Hopkins, in her 81st year.

Same evening, Mrs. Sophia Knight, wife of Robert Knight, Esq. in her 41st year.

Same evening, Miss Deborah Lassell, daughter of Mr. John Lassell, in her 31st year.

On Tuesday afternoon, Henry, son of Mr. William T. Bingham, aged 11 months.

On Tuesday afternoon, by drinking too freely of cold water, John Greene, a coloured man.

On the 9th instant, an infant child of Mr. John Babcock, aged four months.

On the 11th instant, Abigail, daughter of Capt. Joseph Butler, aged 15 months.

In Southbridge, Massachusetts, suddenly, on Thursday last, Mr. George Dods, of this town, in the 64th year of his age.

Drowned, in Providence river, near Pawtuxet, on Friday last, Col. James N. Bates, of Cranston, in the 49th year of his age.